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In loving memory of Mark Gruenwald

DEVIL'S REIGN

CHAPTER SEVEN

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The story so far...

Mephisto has come to Top Cow's dimension, bent on acquiring souls to make himself more powerful in his new home. Just hours ago, he completed the first stage of his plan, taking thousands of New Year's revelers' souls to his new hell. But that was just the beginning...

Now, with the help of Cyberforce's Heatwave and hordes of demonic minions, he embarks on the next phase of his scheme. But what happened to two of his prisoners, Cyblade and Elektra...?

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WHAT IS A SOUL'S WORTH? ITS WEIGHT, ITS VALUE? IN THE END, WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?
PREACHERS TRY TO SAVE IT, POETS EXALT IT, PHILOSOPHERS CONTEMPLATE IT, RATIONALISTS DENY IT. BUT DESPITE SUCH PIOUS SEARCHING, FEW MORTALS KNOW WHAT IT TRULY IS.
SOULS ARE CURRENCY. POWER. NOTHING MORE.
I AM MEPHISTO.
I AM THE DARK ONE, THE GRAND TEMPTER WHOSE FACE FLICKERS IN THE SHADOWS, JUST OUT OF SIGHT, MY TONGUE HEAVY WITH SWEET PROMISES AND POISON THREATS.
I AM THE BLACK DEED AND THE ILL WILL THAT BREEDS IN THE SECRET CORNERS OF YOUR HEART. I AM THE BEAST THAT COMES IN THE NIGHT. I AM YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE AND YOUR TRUEST DESIRE.
QUITE PLAINLY, I AM THE DEVIL. AND I DEAL--ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY --IN SOULS.
BUT CONTRARY TO IDLE RUMOR, I DO NOT COLLECT THEM LIKE BUTTERFLIES OR TRADE THEM IN LIKE COMMON STOCK. I AMASS THEM, LIKE A FORTUNE. LIKE AN ARSENAL.
AND I HAVE JUST STUMBLED UPON THE MOTHER LODE. BILLIONS OF SOULS TO BE PLUCKED AND HARVESTED. POWER ENOUGH TO RENDER ME UNSTOPPABLE ON ANY PLANE!
UNLIKE MY NATIVE REALM, THIS WORLD IS NOT CLOGGED TO THE RAFTERS WITH COMPETING DEATH GODS, ALL SCRAMBLING MADLY FOR METAPHYSICAL TABLE SCRAPS.
NOR DO MEDDLESOME SUPER-BEINGS BLANKET EVERY INCH OF THIS EARTH, LIKE SWARMS OF BRIGHTLY COLORED LOCUSTS.
THE HEROES OF THIS WORLD ARE EASILY TURNED OR ELSE RENDERED FECKLESS. TRUE, THERE ARE THOSE WHO THINK TO THWART ME, BUT I HAVE ARRANGED FOR THEM TO PLAY INTO MY HANDS.
AFTER ALL, I AM NOT A FOOL.

PLEASE, SAVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE...
I AM DOMINIQUE THIBAULT, CYBLADE, AND I AM IN THE MIDST OF WHAT ARMAUS TERMED UN SAISON D'ENFER. A SEASON IN HELL.
IT'S NO USE...
WEEKS AGO, HEATWAVE--THE LEADER OF CYBERFORCE--VANISHED IN A MYSTERIOUS FLASH OF LIGHT. SINCE THEN, SOME DARK, PRESENCE HAS PUT THE WORLD UNDER ITS PALL.
I LEARNED FROM A CREATURE KNOWN AS THE GHOST RIDER THAT A BEING CALLED MEPHISTO CROSSES FROM HIS DIMENSION TO OURS, INTENT ON CONQUERING IT.
I CAN'T RAISE ANY OF THE OTHER CYBERFORCE MEMBERS. THERE'S SOME KIND OF RADIO INTERFERENCE.
I WAS THEN TRAPPED IN SOME TWILIGHT WORLD, WANDERING ENDLESS DARK CORRIDORS, UNTIL I WAS MYSTERIOUSLY "DROPPED" HERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS WASTELAND.
WITH ME NOW IS A WOMAN CALLED ELEKTRA, ALSO FROM THAT "OTHER" REALITY. SOMEHOW OUR FORTUNES HAVE BEEN THROWN TOGETHER, BUT FOR WHAT REASON I CANNOT SAY.
WAIT! WHAT IS THAT? THAT SHIMMERING ON THE HORIZON?
I KNOW LITTLE ABOUT HER, ONLY THAT SHE IS A FORMER ASSASSIN WITH A EUROPEAN ACCENT AND AN OVERLY SERIOUS DEMEANOR. WE HAVE MUCH IN COMMON, IT SEEMS.
I'M NOT SURE I TRUST HER. I AM CERTAIN SHE DOESN'T TRUST ME.
WE APPEARED TOGETHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS SUN-BLASTED DESOLATION WHERE WE ARE WE CAN ONLY GUESS. THE SAVANNAH? THE GOBI? MAYBE SOME FORESAKEN CORNER OF HELL?
I'M NOT EVEN SURE THIS IS EARTH. OR IF IT IS, WHETHER IT IS HER WORLD OR MINE.
I SUPPOSE WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST. ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE...
WELL, I MUST CONFESS, IN MY WILDEST DREAMS I DID NOT EXPECT...THIS!
FEAR and LOATHING
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THEY CALL LAS VEGAS "SUN CITY". I'M SURE NO ONE EVER EXPECTED THE MONIKER TO BE TAKEN QUITE SO LITERALLY.

HEY HEY HEY! LOOK WHO'S COME TO PLAY! WELCOME, YOU BEAUTIFUL LADIES, TO HEAVEN ON EARTH! PLEASE INDULGE IN YER EVERY SORDID LITTLE WHIM!!

PLAY! PLAY!

BUT FIRST, BEFORE WE LET YA IN, YOU GOTTA SHOW US THE, ERM, **SECRET HAND SHAKE**, IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

HANDSHAKE! YEAH! HEHEHEHEHE!

YEAAAAGH!

NICELY DONE.

THANK YOU.

THIS IS ASTONISHING. LIKE SODOM AND GOMORRA DONE UP IN **NEON** AND CHEAP ITALIAN SUITS. FOR A MOMENT I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK.

THE SHEER DECADENCE, THE DEPRAVITY...EACH **DEADLY SIN** SO OPENLY ON DISPLAY.

OKAY, SO THAT'S THREE GRAND, MY MORTAL SOUL **AND** MY **FIRST-BORN** ON **RED**. NO, **BLACK!**

GREED..

GLUTTONY...

LUST...

YOU THINK YOU CAN STEAL FROM **ME?!**

WRATH...

SLOTH...

IS THIS TOO MUCH FOR YOU?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT **ME**, ELEKTRA.

WHERE DO WE START?

I'M NOT SURE. MEPHISTO WILL SURELY HAVE SOME EARTHLY AGENT, A LIEUTENANT WHO IS PULLING THE STRINGS. IF WE CAN *ELIMINATE* HIM...

VANITY...

ENVY...

THESE WRETCHED PEOPLE ARE OBVIOUSLY UNDER SOME SPELL. AND THE MORE THEY GIVE IN TO IT, THE **STRONGER** IT BINDS THEM. NEEDLESS TO SAY, TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE.

WE HEAD DEEPER INTO THE CITY. SURPRISINGLY, HARDLY ANYONE NOTICES US. EXCEPT TO MAKE IMPOLITE REQUESTS. THEY ARE...GENTLY REMINDED TO KEEP THEIR MANNERS.
UP AHEAD, AT THE INTERSECTION, THERE IS SOME KIND OF COMMOTION.
WHOA, CHECK OUT THE RIDE!
MUST BE THE BIG MAN!
LOOK AT 'DAT!
THIS COULD BE WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
PARTY ON! SHAKE YOUR MONEY-MAKER, BABY!
YEAH! GO! GO! GO!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND SINNERS OF ALL AGES! WE INTERRUPT OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED MALFEASANCE FOR A FEW WORDS FROM OUR SPONSOR!
YOU KNOW HIM, YOU FEAR HIM! YOU QUAKE IN YOUR BOOTS AT THE SIGHT OF HIM!
SO LET'S HAVE A VERY WARM ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR THAT PRINCE OF PYROTECHNICS, THE THAUMATURGIST OF THERMODYNAMICS, THE HIGH LORD OF HELLFIRE...
THE ONE, THE ONLY HEAT--

YEA!
HEY!
YEA!
HEY!
WHAT'S GOING ON? CAN YOU HEAR?
NO. THE CROWD IS TOO THICK. WAIT, I SEE SOMETHING...
SOMEONE IS GETTING OUT OF THAT CAR.
DARK BLESSING UPON YOU, MY CHILDREN. FILL YOUR CUPS TO THE BRIM AND DRINK DEEP OF THIS NIGHT'S DIONYSIAN BREW!
IN EACH OF YOU IS A FEVERISH SOUL THAT HAS BEEN HELD IN CHECK BY THE PETTY MORALS OF WEAKER MEN. NOW IS THE TIME TO RELEASE THAT BEAST!
GIVE IN TO YOUR BASEST DESIRES. SATE EVERY DARK APPETITE!
THERE IS NO ONE HERE TO SAY NO TO YOU. THE ONLY COMMANDMENT IS "DO WHAT THOU WILT!" ARE YOU EQUAL TO THE TASK?
YES!
YEA!
YEA!
YES!

SPLENDID! ENJOY THE FEAST AND REVELS, THEN. AND, IF YOU ARE ALL VERY, VERY WICKED, I PROMISE YOU A SPECIAL TREAT, TO BE DELIVERED UPON THE VERY STROKE OF MIDNIGHT!
BUT BEFORE I GO, I SHALL BESTOW YOU WITH THE MEREST TOKEN OF MY LARGESS!
SING HUZZAH FOR THE FIRE KING!
HIP! HIP!
HUZZAH!
HUZZAH!
HUZZAH!

YEEEOOW! #%$-ING COINS ARE RED HOT!
HAHA! HAHAHAHA! HAHHA!
HAHAHA! IMBECILES. YOU EXPECT TO DANCE WITH THE DEVIL AND NOT GET BURNED?
HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED ANYTHING?
GETTING BURNED IS THE FUN PART!
I ONLY CATCH A GLIMPSE OF HIM, BUT IN THAT INSTANCE SOME UNKNOWN DREAD STABS AT THE VERY CORE OF ME.
SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE TELLS ME THAT NO MATTER HOW THIS GAME ENDS, I'VE ALREADY LOST.
WELL, CYBLADE, IT LOOKS LIKE THAT'S OUR MAN.
CYBLADE?

THESE ARE INDEED THE END TIMES! REPENT NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.
ONLY THROUGH PENITENCE CAN YOU BE SAVED..
LOS ANGELES. JAMIE TARLETON, ERRANT MEMBER OF WEAPON ZERO, SITS WITH HIS NEW "FRIEND" THE MYSTERIOUS ERISHA.
THE SIGNS ARE CLEAR: FAMINE, FLOOD, FIRE...
BORING, BORING, BORING! WHO IS THIS GIT? SHUT UP, OLD MAN!
'SIDES, END-OF-THE-WORLD-AS-WE-KNOW-IT SOUNDS GOOD TIME. THE OL' ONE WAS WEARIN' ON ME NERVES. GONNA MEAN, LIKE YOU SAID, OPPORTUNITY.
YOU'RE SUCH A BRIGHT BOY, JAMIE. SO HANDSOME AND CLEVER. HOW DID I EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU?
TA. PURE DUMB LUCK, I GUESS.
SHUT UP, YOU POXY OLD TURNIP! I CAN'T BELIEVE PEOPLE ACTUALLY LISTEN TO HIM. BLAH-BLAH-FRIGGIN-BLAH!
YOU KNOW, JAMIE DEAR, I BET YOU COULD DO BETTER THAN HIM. IF YOU SPOKE TO PEOPLE, I JUST KNOW THEY WOULD REALLY LISTEN TO YOU!
YEAH? WELL, I'M GAME FOR A LAUGH! WATCH THIS.
FRIENDS, ROMANS, VARIOUS HUDDLED MASSES, ETC., ETC. PRICK UP YER EARS! I AM THE GREAT PROPHET FROM THE WASTELANDS. JAMIE THE FAB!
THEY SAY THE OLD WORLD IS ENDING! WELL, I SAY IT'S ABOUT TIME! I SAY GOOD BLOODY RIDDANCE!

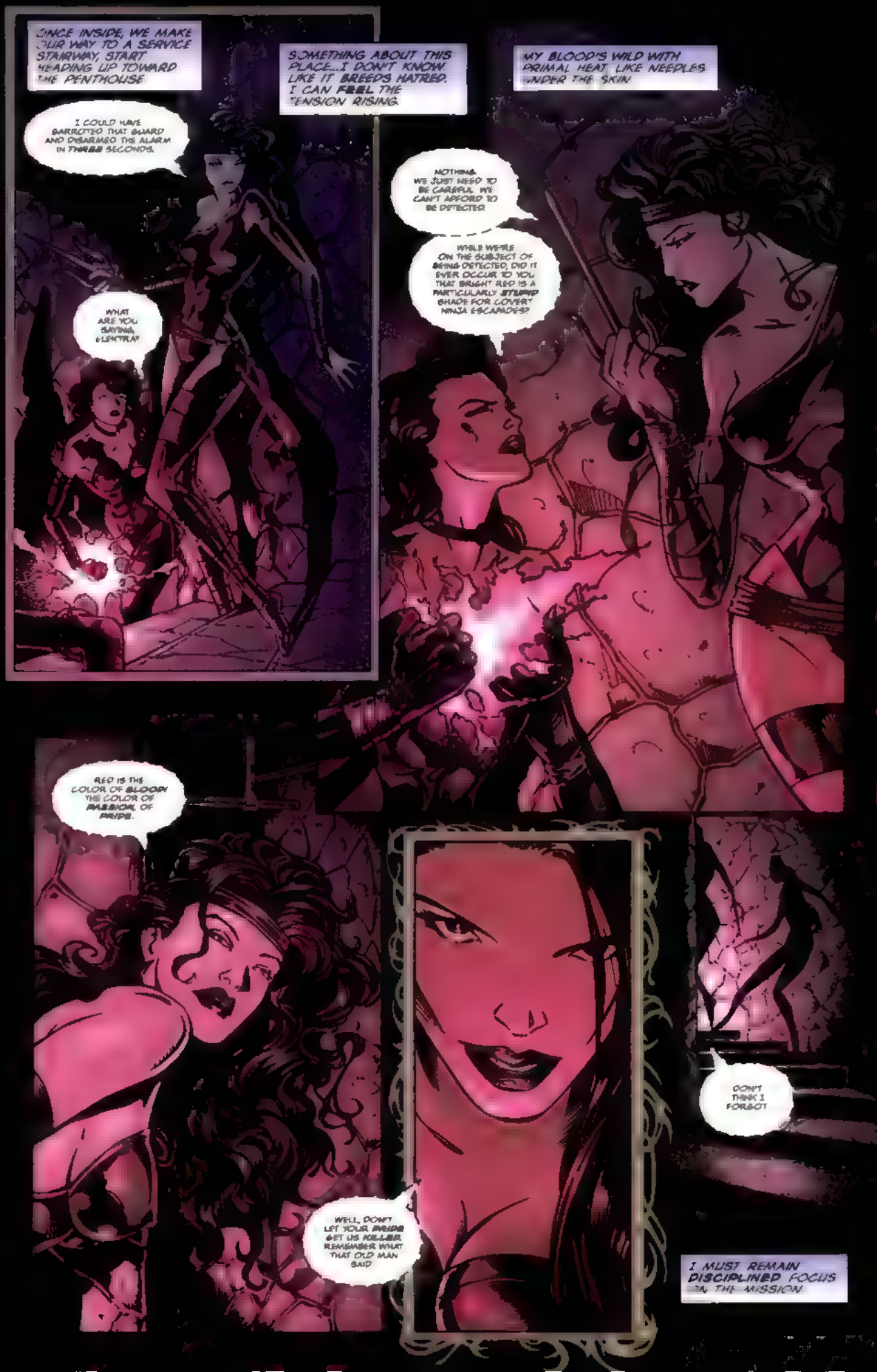
I SAY ENOUGH WITH RULES AND SCHOOLS AND POLICEMEN, AND--AND PEOPLE MAKING YOU PAY FOR YOU BLOODY [illegible] WITH BIRTH-SCHOOL-WORK-DEATH!
NO MORE FOLLOWING ORDERS I SAY LET'S TURN OVER THE APPLE CART AND FEED OURSELVES SICK
I SAY THE NEW WORLD ORDER IS THIS. LIFE'S TOO SHORT, TAKE WHAT YOU WANT!
WELL, I'LL BE! THEY DID LISTEN. DEADLY.
ALL RIGHT, YOU PUNTERS! YOU WANT THE FUTURE? THEN JUST FOLLOW ME!
CLEVER BOY, JAMIE WELL DONE

I WAS RAISED SINCE CHILDHOOD TO BE A WARRIOR. IT'S WHAT GIVES ME MY STRENGTH, MY PURPOSE.
WHICH WAY?
THIS WAY.
IT'S THE ONE THING THAT CARRIES ME THROUGH WHEN DOUBTS PLAGUE ME. FOCUS ON THE MISSION. IT KEEPS THE OLD GHOSTS AT BAY.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I DON'T KNOW. LISTEN.
THIS ELEKTRA WOMAN IS A MYSTERY. THERE'S A COLDNESS TO HER, SOMETHING BEHIND HER EYES. LIKE SHE'S SEEN MUCH MORE THAN HER YOUTH WOULD SUGGEST.
SHE KEEPS GLANCING AT ME WHEN SHE THINKS I'M NOT LOOKING. I KNOW SHE CAN TELL I'M DISTRACTED. THERE'S A GROWING UNEASE BETWEEN US.
--BUT THE SPIRIT CAME TO ME AGAIN AND HE SAID DON'T RUN OFF INTO THE DESERT WITH THE OTHERS, STAY HERE AND SPEAK HIS WORD!
WE'RE NOT EXACTLY "BONDING," AS THEY SAY.
THESE TWO ARE AVENGING ANGELS WHO SEEK TO DELIVER US. YOU ARE ON THE RIGHT PATH, MY CHILDREN, STAY TRUE TO YOUR COURSE
BUT BEWARE. AN ALLY WILL BE YOUR DOWNFALL!
DO NOT BE FOOLED BY GLITTERING, EMPTY PROMISES AND EASY FORTUNES. REMOVE THE SCALES FROM YOUR EYES! YOU HAVE BEEN DUPED! CONNED!
YOU-- YOU TWO!
WELL, THAT CERTAINLY DIDN'T HELP MATTERS.

TAKE HEED
COME, SEE THE MARK OF IRON
ANYTHING YOU WANT TO TELL ME?
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO ASK YOU THE SAME THING
UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES, I THINK WE COULD BE FRIENDS. BUT NEITHER OF US IS ABOUT TO LET HER [illegible] RIGHT NOW
WE'VE COVERED HALF THE CITY. WE MUST FIND OUT WHERE THIS "FIRE KING" IS HEADQUARTERED. HE'S THE KEY TO EVERY-THING.
I KNOW SHE'S TRYING TO HELP, BUT I DON'T NEED ANYONE SECOND GUESSING ME. THIS IS MY WORLD AND I'VE SAVED IT MORE THAN ONCE
NOW, MIND YOU, THIS IS JUST A HUNCH--

"--BUT I THINK THAT THIS IS THE PLACE."
CITADEL
HOTEL & CASINO

LOOK ALIVE, YOU PATHETIC HEAP OF BRITTLE BONES OR AS NEAR AS YOU CAN MANAGE. THE MASTER HAS IMPORTANT PREPARATIONS TO MAKE AND HE CANNOT BE DISTURBED!
SO IF ANYONE SUSPICIOUS EVEN THINKS OF TRYING TO GET IN HERE, I WANT THEM DEAD! UNDERSTOOD? AND WHEN I SAY DEAD, I DON'T MEAN DEAD LIKE YOU!
I MEAN DEAD LIKE DEAD!!! PERMANENTLY, SUPREMELY AND QUITE PAINFULLY DEAD!
NEEDLESS TO SAY, IF YOU SCREW UP YOU, YOU WILL BE BOILED INTO SOUP! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?
YESSS, MY LIEGE
DAMN IT! LOOK AT ME IN THE EYE WHEN YOU'RE TALKING TO ME, YOU CALCIFIED COAT RACK!
I--I'M DOING MY B-BESST, MY LIEGE
SIGH GOOD DEAD HELP IS SO HARD TO FIND


SINCE INSIDE, WE MAKE OUR WAY TO A SERVICE STAIRWAY, START HEADING UP TOWARD THE PENTHOUSE
I COULD HAVE GARROTED THAT GUARD AND DISARMED THE ALARM IN THREE SECONDS.
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, ELEKTRA?
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE...I DON'T KNOW. LIKE IT BREEDS HATRED. I CAN FEEL THE TENSION RISING.
MY BLOOD'S WILD WITH PRIMAL HEAT LIKE NEEDLES UNDER THE SKIN
NOTHING. WE JUST NEED TO BE CAREFUL. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE DETECTED.
WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF BEING DETECTED, DID IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT BRIGHT RED IS A PARTICULARLY STUPID SHADE FOR COVERT NINJA ESCAPADES?
RED IS THE COLOR OF BLOODY THE COLOR OF PASSION, OF PRIDE.
WELL, DON'T LET YOUR PRIDE GET US KILLED. REMEMBER WHAT THAT OLD MAN SAID.
DON'T THINK I FORGOT
I MUST REMAIN DISCIPLINED FOCUS ON THE MISSION

THIS IS AS FAR AS THE STAIRS GO. SO MUCH FOR THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE.
HOW MANY?
JUST TWO!
PIECE OF CAKE! READY?
SNORT!
GRUNT!
HRRM?
THIPT!
MY DEAR, I WAS BORN READY. LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANY HELP CYBLADE.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SIT BY THE PHONE A LONG TIME FOR THAT CALL, ELEKTRA.
IT'S OVER IN AN INSTANT. A CHAOTIC BLUR OF MOTION. A STORM OF FLYING FUR, SLICE-WING KNIFE BLADES AND BIO ELECTRIC BLASTS.
BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT HIT THEM, THOSE HELLSPAWN CREATURES ARE DISPATCHED, GONE TO MEET THEIR MAKER.
KLANG!
I DON'T ENVY THEM.

FROM HERE, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO THE PENTHOUSE
DAMN ! THESE THORNS ARE SHARP AS RAZORS.
DIDN'T YOUR MOTHER EVER TELL YOU TO COVER YOUR LEGS IN PUBLIC?
I WILL TELL YOU THIS ONCE DO NOT SPEAK AGAIN OF MY MOTHER
FAIR ENOUGH SORRY
THE STORM CLOUDS HEAVE AND CHURN IN THEIR HEAVENLY MAELSTROM AND THE THUNDER GROWS CLOSER SOMETHING INSIDE ME TREMBLES.
I FEEL LIKE I'M ATTENDING A FUNERAL ONLY I'M NOT SURE FOR WHOM
WHAT IS THAT?
A ROSE PETAL. BLACK THERE'S A TRAIL OF THEM, LEADING TO THOSE DOORS.
HOW POETIC.
I SUPPOSE I'M ABOUT TO FIND OUT

MY HEART'S BEATING LIKE A DRUM. FOCUS. FOCUS.
I'M PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THE PREMISES ARE UTTERLY SECURE, MY LORD!
YOU ARE CERTAIN?
UM, ABSOLUTELY YES. YOU DOUBT ME?
NOT AT ALL. JUST IDLE CURIOSITY
ARE THERE ANY OTHER MATTERS YOU WOULD HAVE ME ATTEND TO, OH GREAT ONE?
NO THANK YOU, BRIMSTONE YOU'VE DONE QUITE ENOUGH. NOW LEAVE ME
THERE ARE ONE OR TWO TRIFLING MATTERS THAT I MUST DISPENSE WITH
THAT FEELING IN MY STOMACH... IT'S STRONGER THAN EVER. SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT HERE. I HESITATE FOR THE MEREST GHOST OF AN INSTANT

ELEKTRA DOES NOT.
NO, ELEKTRA! WAIT!
UGGHN!
ZZZAAPPP!
WHO--? YOU...WITCH! WHAT...WHY DID YOU...?
I'M SORRY... I...
YOU. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. BEHIND ALL OF THIS... IT WAS YOU...

...HEATWAVE!
HELLO, DOMINIQUE. ARE YOU SURPRISED? YOU SHOULDN'T BE. "AN ALLY WILL BE YOUR DOWNFALL..."
DYLAN, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
IT IS SIMPLE. I AM REBORN. I AM NO LONGER A FRAGILE MORTAL. I AM A GOD!
ONCE THE DARK LORD MEPHISTO CONQUERS THE EARTH, HE SHALL RETURN UNCHALLENGED TO HIS OWN REALM, AND I SHALL RULE OVER THIS WORLD AS HIS REGENT.
I WANT YOU BESIDE ME, DOMINIQUE, TO RULE AS MY QUEEN. DON'T YOU SEE? I'M THE ONE THE BROUGHT YOU HERE.
THIS ISN'T YOU, DYLAN. THAT MEPHISTO CREATURE IS OBVIOUSLY CONTROLLING YOUR MIND!
ON THE CONTRARY, HE HAS LIBERATED ME! HE HAS GIVEN ME SOMETHING ALL THE CYBERDATA TECHNICIANS NEVER COULD. PURPOSE. IDENTITY.
AND ABOVE ALL, CONTROL.
AH! YOUR COMRADE HAS REGAINED HER STRENGTH.
THANK YOU, BY THE WAY, FOR DELIVERING THAT TROUBLESOME WENCH TO ME. I'LL SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T MAKE A NUISANCE OF HERSELF.
ELEKTRA! HANG ON--
ARE YOU MAD? JUST KILL HIM! FOR THE SAKE OF TWO WORLDS, KILL HIM NOW!

OH, YES, DOMINIQUE. BY ALL MEANS, KILL ME NOW. END MY "SUFFERING." GIVE IN TO YOUR ANGER AND DESTROY ME.
I'M WAITING...
DYLAN... YOU KNOW I CAN'T. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MEANT...WHAT YOU MEAN TO ME!
PLEASE... LISTEN TO ME! LET ME HELP YOU!
LOOK AT ME! REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE, DYLAN. REMEMBER! IT'S NOT TOO LATE--
MMM. HOW SWEET...
KRAAK
BUT YOU'RE WRONG, DOMINIQUE. IT IS TOO LATE. FAR TOO LATE FOR ALL OF US.

HUH? WHERE AM I?
HEATWAVE!
IT IS NEARLY THE WITCHING HOUR, DOMINIQUE. I DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD WANT TO MISS THIS!
IT IS TIME TO DECIDE WHICH SIDE OF HISTORY YOU'RE ON. WILL YOU JOIN ME, REIGN BY MY SIDE AS MY DARK QUEEN?
YOU KNOW MY ANSWER, DYLAN. I'D SOONER DIE!
DIE? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT DYING? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT IS AN OPTION? LOOK AT THE CROWDS BELOW YOU! LOOK AT THEM?
HAH!
YEA!
WHOOO!
HEY!
YEAH!
ARGGH
NO!! HELLLP!!
I SPEAK OF SOMETHING FAR WORSE THAN DEATH!
I SPEAK OF DAMNATION!!
TO BE CONCLUDED IN SILVER SURFER/WEAPON ZERO!